The big ſwolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares preſume gainſt that thy Soueraigne likes.
Hum. Nay my Lords, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my preſence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to ſpeake.
Farewell my Lords, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſied *France* would be loſt ere long.

Exit Duke Humfrey.

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage.
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the Land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts.
For you well ſee, if he but walke the ſtreetes,
The common people ſwarme about him ſtraight,
Crying Ieſus bleſſe your royall excellence,
With God preſerue the good Duke *Humfrey*,
And many things beſides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth duke *Humfrey*.
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his ſeate.

Exit Cardinall.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughty Cardinall,
Coſin of Somerſet be rulde by me,
Weele watch duke *Humfrey* and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
Somer. Thankes coſin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue duke *Humfrey* from his ſeate.
Buck. Content, come then let vs about it ſtraight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition followes after.
Whilſt theſe do ſeeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords let vs ſeeke for our Countries good:
Oft haue I ſeene this haughty Cardinall
Sweare, and forſweare himſelfe, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffian then a man of the Church.

Coſine

Coſin *Yorke*, the victories thou haſt wonne,
In *Ireland*, *Normandy*, and in *France*,
Hath wonne thee immortall praiſe in England.
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my thrice valiant ſonne,
Thy ſimple plainneſſe and thy houſe-keeping,
Hath won thee credit amongſt the common ſort,
The reuerence of mine age, and *Neuels* name,
Is of no little force if I command,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good duke *Humfrey* may his ſtate poſſeſſe,
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble ſonne.
War. For greefe that all is loſt that *Warwicke* won,
Sonnes. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,
Why *Warwick* did win them, & muſt that then which we wonne
with our ſwords, be giuen away with words.
Yorke. As I haue read, our Kings of England were wont to haue
large dowries with their wiues, but our king *Henry* giues a-
way his owne.
Salſ. Come ſonnes away and looke vnto the maine.
War. Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is loſt,
Which *Warwicke* by maine force did vvin from France,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I vvill vvin from France, or elſe bee ſlaine.

Exit Salisbury and Warwicke.

Yorke. *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold nevves for me, for I had hope of *France*,
Euen as I haue of fertile England.
A day will come when *Yorke* ſhall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,
And make a ſhew of loue to proud duke *Humfrey*:
And when I ſpy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For thats the golden marke I ſeeke to hit:
Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* vſurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor weare the diadem vpon his head,
Whoſe Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne:
Then *Yorke* be ſtill a while till time doe ſerue,

Watch